Our Beautiful Scars

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Our Beautiful Scars

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Summary

After “A Shadow Falls” Juri Han agrees to take care of Decapre until her clone sister, Cammy, finds her a new place to stay.

The two of them now live together but what happens when the ex-Shadaloo agent develops feelings for the spider assassin?

“Passengers for flight to London, please line up for gate number 18.”

The voice on the intercom cut through the hustle and bustle of the busy airport. The mechanical dials of the boarding screen clapped like wings of a bird trapped in a cage as the endless list of countries, planes and departure times switched to its next position.

“Hurry up, will ya?! How long is this gonna take?!”

The crowds of people desperate to catch their flight moved past 3 arguing women. More accurately, one of them was arguing- the other two were standing some distance away from her, lost in their own conversation. Unlike the rushing crowds these girls stood there for quite some time, a fact which was clearly annoying the shouty one. She was leaning forwards slightly, switching her balance from one leg to the other, hands struggling to know what to do with themselves as their owner kept switching her position to fight boredom.

The 3 of them didn’t look that out of place. Wearing everyday street clothes. Shouty sporting long strawberry blonde hair and a pair of stylish sunglasses. Out of the other two one had a hoodie pulled over her head and a medical facemask, nearly completely hiding her face. The other one wore a baseball hat and glasses, her long blonde hair pulled back into a single ponytail, her outfit giving out a very masculine look.

“...You’re making a scene.”

The tomboy blonde felt herself losing her cool as her partner paced around like a caged animal. The idea was to draw as little attention as possible to themselves. Now they were shouting in the middle of the crowd.

“The longer we stand around the more we stand out! You’re gonna miss your damn flight!”

The shouty annoyed one reminded the blonde.

“...” She was silent for a moment before, acknowledging her partner's point. “D-damn it! Let me say goodbye to my sister!” The blonde shouted back, finally losing her cool. The spider girl always did that to her.

“I’ll be fine...Are you sure you can’t stay?” The hooded girl finally spoke up, her mask muffling her words slightly. Only uncovered part of her face was her bright, sky blue eyes. Even that much was not enough to fully cover the scars covering the left side of her face. Burned, torn up flesh surrounding her left eye like grotesque face paint.

Her sister let out a long and tired sigh “I-...I can’t stay. There are other dolls out there. They need my help... I’ll promise I’ll be back soon. I’ll find you something more suitable. In the meantime just keep a low profile. Bison might be dead but his forces are still out there.” There was a hint of sadness in her voice. Having to say goodbye so soon after rescuing her clone sister.

The hooded girl didn’t even respond. Instead she just rushed forward and hugged her big sister. Cammy couldn’t hold back her surprise at the sudden hug but her sisterly instincts

quickly took over. She smiled and looked her sister in the eyes. “Take care of yourself.”

Her blue eyes quickly shifted to the annoyed girl who she’s been doing her best to ignore. That look was all that Juri needed to move closer. Shifting back and forward like a delinquent.

“Are you two done already? The coast is clear so le-” The intensity of Cammy’s gaze on her made the loud girl shut up for a moment. The blonde reluctantly pulled away from her sister. Her ice cold gaze was making Juri shiver. The ex-killer bee didn’t exactly trust the spider yet. She helped them escape vega and fang but that didn’t exactly make them even. Still she had promised to take care of Decapre… and that was all that Cammy needed.

“Take care of my sister.” The blonde moved back, leaving her sister in the care of her former enemy. She took one long look at the two of them standing together. Juri has changed a lot these past few years. The playful, sadistic expression she always pictured when thinking of her slowly changed into a softer, reassuring smile. All of them have suffered under Bison. It was time for them to move on.

The two girls watched the delta squad brit slowly disappear in the crowd. There was an awkward silence between the two of them. They stood like this long after Cammy was already gone.

“Right...No pointing in hanging around. Let’s go grab a car.”

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Finally away from the crowd, Juri sat comfortably in the driver’s seat. She took a long, deep breath. About 98% confident that no one was waiting for them at the airport. Sure, there still existed a possibility of someone following them but she was damned if she’d have to keep this stupid wig on any longer than necesary.

Juri pulled the blonde wig back. The mess of black hair finally free from the tight hairnet. She tossed it to the passenger seat along with her sunglasses. Right away the black haired girl felt a twitch in her left eye. She felt herself tear up a little at the sharp stinging pain that cut right through her brain and down her spine. A light purple glow emanated from her eye like a faulty lightbulb, shining bright before dimming then back again. Juri wanted to slap herself but instead she reached into her pocket and pulled out her eyepatch, covering her sensitive eye.

“Damn...what a pain.” She wasn’t exactly talking about the actual pain she felt. More so the annoyance at having to wear a disguise for so long. Her eye was so sensitive these days it was getting harder to control this power without damaging her body. Which is why she kept it under the eyepatch most days.

“These damn glasses are useless.” Juri continued to moan as she pulled aside strands of black hair from her face. She looked back in the rearview mirror at the hooded girl. “You’re not gonna take that off?”

There was no response. Decapre was avoiding eye contact with Juri. She hasn't even spoken to her once since the Bison incident. The awkward silence between them continued.

"Sure. Whatever. I don't care." Juri shot back, annoyed at the clone girl's silence. She started the car and focused on the road ahead. Deciding to play along in this game of seeing who can ignore each other more.

That didn't exactly put Decapre at ease. Being driven around this city she didn't know, by someone who can't even see half the road. She stared blankly out the window at the buildings they passed by. It's not like she could object. She didn't exactly have a license. Being kept in a tube all her life, experimented on, fed data of the world's strongest fighters. Her chest felt tighter and her breath got faster. Flashing back to these days was enough to trigger her berserker mode. Her palms were sweating, even cut off from the psycho power that was corrupting her body she still had difficulty controlling her emotions. Her anger nearly got her to kill her own sister. If Cammy wasn't there to save her-
The blonde stopped herself. Her eyes were suddenly drawn to her driver. She never got a chance to thank her.

Decapre wasn't exactly great at talking to people. Being raised in a lab tends to do that to a person. She prefered to communicate through violent screaming. But what was on her mind couldn't exactly be expressed that way. Sure, Juri wasn't exactly a knight in shining armour. She was a violent, moody, perverted freak experiment… but she helped her and her big sister when they needed it. Put her body on the line and didn't even ask questions. Even though she didn't even know her.
Decapre thought to herself. Both girls were weapons created by Bison to kill and destroy anything he pointed them at. Both finally had their freedom. Only one of them was angry and the other one was...well…

"Geez. Keep staring at me like that and I'll get the wrong idea."

...lewd.

Decapre was thankful she kept the facemask. She didn't want to give the spider the satisfaction of seeing her blush. Her eyes quickly turned away from Juri and back to the window. She only caught a glimpse of the brunette's smug grin. The spider really did know how to mess with people. Decapre was kicking herself internally. She really hated herself for not having the confidence to just thank Juri for all she did to her, protecting her from Shadaloo and offering her a place to stay. She bit into her bottom lip, trying to muster up the kinda confidence that the spider girl had. But it was no use…
There was a reason why she didn't want to take off her disguise. Her face...her entire body. Were nothing more than a flawed, damaged copy of her big sister- Cammy. They weren't real sisters. They shared no family. Whatever person Decapre was before the experiments that turned her into an obedient killing machine was long since lost. Now she was just a flawed prototype for the real deal- Cammy. The two of them were sisters again. She did so much to help her...yet Decapre couldn't help but flash back to the time she nearly skewered her. It wasn't real rage. Not anymore. She could never hurt her sister again. But it didn't stop her from feeling inferior.

Decapre noticed how Juri and Cammy acted around each other. The constant back and forward of Juri's flirting followed by her sister's icy cool putdowns. The two of them had a clear history. A closeness that Decapre was jealous of. It was the real reason that Juri was so eager to help.

The ex-doll's emotions were boiling over. She felt like she was about to snap into a rage again...or even something worse...despair.

"Hey, by the way…" Juri's voice suddenly brought her back to reality.

"Catch!"

Before she could say anything, a white, thin, plastic card flew out of Juri's hand and into Decapre's lap. She examined the card. It had a picture of some woman, date of birth, name…

"Miyuki Sawashiro..?" She read out the name, puzzled.

"Oh yeah. It's your new identity. At least till this all blows over. I asked the HQ to get something ready for you. Since you're gonna be staying here a while and all…"

Juri went on but Decapre wasn't listening. Her fingers tracing along the card. Her first real gift.

"...Decapre…"
"Huh? What was that?" Juri stopped mid sentence, having sworn she heard the girl say something.

"...please...call me Decapre." The blonde finally managed to speak out. Still unable to meet Juri's gaze.

Juri simply smiled. Half playful, half genuine. "Whatever ya like….Decapre."

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The flat itself wasn't much. It was high above the city streets. The large window showed off the Seoul city skyline. It contrasted nicely with the white walls. The entire apartment looked right out of an add. Everything in here was crystal clean. Juri had to have someone come in and clean since Decapre couldn't imagine Juri Han cleaning her apartment. Knowing what little she knew about the spider, the korean fighter probably didn't visit her home country much. Always on some assignment from...whoever she is working for? (CIA? SiN? Interpol? Delta Squad? Illuminati?) Well whoever it was clearly spared no expense, judging by that huge flatscreen tv and a huge sofa that Juri probably couldn't wait to stretch over like a cat.

"Well. Here we are...No assassins. No evil dictators. We can finally laze around all day!"

Decapre simled, though her face was hidden. It was rare to see a trained killer like Juri show such a cute vulnerable side. Her big sister was always going from assignment to assignment. Juri was the complete opposite. Taking it easy all day till she is absolutely needed.

“Well…” Juri crashed on the couch and started to pull up her hair in her usual two devil horn hair buns. “...Make yourself at home. The kitchen is over there. There is a shower upstairs, next to your room. I have someone come in once a month to clean this place up, don’t worry he works for HQ...sometimes Vipey drops by but I’ll doubt she’ll be around-”

Before Juri could finish she saw Decapre clutching her head, letting out a grunt of pain. Vipey. Just that little nickname was enough to send out a shock of data to the liberated doll’s brain. C. Viper. Height: 5”9. Weight: 123 Ibs. Blood type: AB. Fighting style: Unconventional mix of street fighting and high tech gadgets. Though Decapre never met this woman, she knew these things about her. She realised she might have seen her but lost that memory. Might have even been sent out to kill her. Decapre was struggling to stand straight. After all that work to break away from Bison’s psycho power...she still couldn’t escape her programming. She was a doll. A tool to be used.

Suddenly she felt someone holding her. Her eyes opened.

“H-hey! Are you okay?”

Juri’s face was so close to her. This was bad. Even with the mask and hood, there is no way that she didn’t see her scars. On top of that she was so close that Decapre could feel her breath on her skin, see the glisten on her light pink lips. Her heart was thumping so fast in her chest it felt like it was going to burst out. The years of fighting simulations didn’t prepare for this. For wanting to be this close. When her body faced something unknown her programming commanded her to run.

But before she could act, something yanked on her hood, pulling down. Mess of blonde hair shooting out in every direction before gently framing her face. Decapre was frozen in shock. Eyes wide like two saucers, face red like a sundried tomato. Her body moved before she could think, pushing herself away from Juri.

“Why would you do that !!!” Decapre screamed out like a cat submerged in water.

Juri sighed and rubbed the back of her neck “Honestly, you’re at home and you’re still gonna wear your disguise? Isn’t it about time you took it?”

Juri didn’t exactly see the problem. Decapre’s mess of snow blonde hair was quite pretty to look at. There was no need to hide it.

“It’s none of your business!!!” Decapre was stomping her foot down like an angry toddler. It definitely was the kinda reaction the spider expected from the clone girl. Juri didn’t exactly enjoy people yelling at her...however she had to admit this was very cute.

“Look...I get you want some space...But you really should change into something...There is a ton of clothes set up in your room.”

Decapre suddenly stopped. Her anger gave way to a different emotion.

“...C-C-clothes…? ….My….room…?”

Decapre's expression was a mix of shock, confusion and something else. It was as if some kinda distant longing finally caught up with her. Years of living alone trapped in a test tube. Experimented every day. Dreaming of being a normal girl. Having a normal life...Her own clothes. Her own room.

"Well duh...Can't exactly have you sleeping on the couch. And you didn't expect to hear this ugly old hoodie forever did ya?" Juri was already back on the couch, continuing to play with her hair. "It's upstairs to the left...have fun.."

Decapre rushed upstairs faster than any of her assassination moves. She quickly found a stack of clothes and began to play with them. Examining each and every item like it was a priceless artifact.

Juri smiled to herself.

It's been about 20 minutes of Juri staring at her fridge in vain hope that perhaps in another 10 minutes food will manifest inside of it. Sadly no such miracle happened. Juri had to accept the fact that her refrigerator held only, top to bottom beer. This was never a problem when she lived alone- in fact it was a point of pride. However it didn't help her impress her new housemate with her cooking skills. In fact it's been ages since Juri actually prepared a meal.

"Damn it!"

Juri slammed her palm against her head in frustration.

"Um..is everything alright?"

The gentle half whisper broke Juri out of her impotent rage. Coming down the stairs was Decapre, wearing the cutest little fluffy pyjama bottoms and oversized t-shirt. Juri's eye was wide open and she couldn't help but grin. She mentaly congratulated herself on buying all these cute clothes for her. HQ really delivered this time. Yet despite it all Decapre still had her facemask on. Juri hoped she'd remove it to eat.

"Yeah...I see you got the clothes. Do ya like em? They fit okay?"

Decapre was smiling to herself. These clothes got her the happiest since being rescued by big sis. Of course, she still couldn't bring herself to tell that to Juri.

"T-they...they are fine.."

Juri smiled. "I'm glad... Gotta say: didn't know your sizes so I just copied Cammy."

Decapre's smile quickly dashed. Her fears were suddenly becoming a reality.

"I should probably change too...I've been in this stuffy turtleneck all day...geez" Juri seemed to pay no attention to any damage her words were causing. As usual she moved through life at her own pace, oblivious to others feelings.

This was made crystal clear when she took her top off without warning, exposing her pale, muscular back, covered only by a black straps of her bra, to the painfully embarrassed clone

girl. Decapre felt like she was burning with psycho power again. Her cheeks must have been about the temperature of a fireball. She was shaking in place, begging herself to look away from the smooth curves of Juri's back but her eyes didn't listen. Her skin was like a porcelain doll. Not a single blemish. Decapre began to wonder if she simply never gets damaged in combat or if the Feng Shui Engine let her regenerate her wounds. It was nothing like her own scar covered body. She wanted nothing more than to touch it, run her finger down her spine. To make it worse, Juri was now stretching like a cat, completely unaware of the effect her body was having on her housemate.

"Hey? You okay?" As Decapre came back to reality she realised that Juri already got herself dressed in a big comfy band shirt of her own (The darkstalkers? They certainly looked like a band) and was standing right in front of her.

"I-I'm fine…" Decapre pulled away from Juri, still blushing bright red.

That was until Juri slapped down two bucket sized cups of instant noodles. Decapre stared at the things in confusion while Juri smiled awkwardly.

"They are instant ramen. You just add hot water and all's done!" To demonstrate she grabbed the hot kettle, opened up the cups and poured some water in. Decapre watched as the water slowly took colour of the spices and beef stock, the meat and vegetables quickly expanding in size as they soaked up water.

"...I know it's not exactly a 5 star meal but I eat this crap all the time… besides I'll get ya something better tomorrow, k'?"

Decapre stood there dumbfounded. Juri was going to make her a meal. She was giving her food. The blonde suddenly became very afraid of suddenly waking up in her tube, this whole scene feeling like a dream too good to be true.

"...it's fine"

It was more than fine. Decapre was screaming internally. She wanted to thank Juri a thousand times, she wanted to break down crying about how unworthy she is. But all she could muster was this half hearted 'it's fine'.

But it was enough to make Juri smile "You know...I'm used to eating alone… I'm thinking it's kinda fun to eat a meal together."

"To--together…" Decapre felt like time around her stopped. Everything but her and Juri. The sadistic spider looked like an angel. Her smile was so genuine it made Decapre wonder if Juri had been lonely all this time. If she were to hold her hand right now, would they stay like this forever? This happiness was too much for a creature of darkness like Decapre. A broken doll had no use for these kinds of feelings.

Without really knowing why, Decapre grabbed her cup and rushed back upstairs, shutting her door behind her.

Leaving Juri alone in her empty kitchen. For a brief moment, the spider allowed her mask to slip. Her selfish taunts, her cocky grin, her psychotic laugher, her lewd comments. All that disappeared for a moment, leaving behind a sad and lonely expression.

As quick as it came, the mask slipped back up. Juri cussed loudly and forcefully pulled her fridge door open, pulling out a 6 pack of beer. She was determined to empty that fridge one way or the other. It could still turn into a nice evening of getting drunk in front of the tv, couldn't it?

Without hesitation, Juri downed a can of beer in one go, then tossed the empty can in the corner of the room before crashing on her couch.

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Decapre couldn't sleep. She was tossing around in her bed. She has reached a conclusion that beds are really soft and much more comfortable than a tube. However it was gonna take her a while to adjust to this level of softness.

But that wasn't the real reason she couldn't sleep. Her thoughts were full of Juri. Even back when they first met, Decapre couldn't stop thinking about her. And ever since then it only got worse and worse. The things that she was told about her- that she is dangerous, cruel and sadistic. None of it was true. Except for big sis, Juri was the only person who has ever been nice to her.

So why couldn't she have the courage to thank her for all she did.

For the first time in her life Decapre wished she could go back to being an emotionless doll. Without having these strange feelings building up inside her and making her feel so...useless. Back then she had a purpose. Everyday was a new assignment or training exercise. And now she can't even face her ally, let alone an enemy.

But perhaps she had a way to go back. Amongst her very few possessions, she still had it. The mask she wore back then. It no longer glowed with psycho power, it no longer had any connection to the man that made it but ...maybe wearing it would make her feel better.
She traced her fingers along the visors of her mask...then put it on. For the first time since she was free.

Decapre couldn't stay in her room. It felt like she was getting surrounded by the walls around her. That anytime she could be back in that horrible place. She gently shut her door and walked downstairs to try and get some fresh air.

"-not even funny! Gawd, this show sucks! I got like a ton of channels and it's all trash."

Juri threw an empty can at the tv. She was lounging around on the couch, wearing nothing but her shirt and underwear, surrounded by a sea of empty cans.

It was the middle of the night. Juri couldn't get any sleep either. Trying to distract herself from her own lonely, sad life of a failed genetic experiment. Her enhanced body making

getting drunk a bit of a challenge. That's when she noticed the girl standing halfway down the stairs.

"Hey...Can't sleep either? Oh well...nothing I can do about it…"

She downed another can and tossed it aside, not even giving Decapre a second look.

This was it. The final round. All or nothing. Decapre has been working up to this for so long. She could hide behind her mask and tell Juri how she feels. With new found confidence, the former doll walked down the stairs and into the light of the tv.

"...Juri...I…"

She couldn't have seen it before but now that decapre stepped into the light- Juri could see it.

"Why are you wearing that thing?" Juri's voice sounded like she was barely holding herself back from snapping.

"...I...umm...can't…" Decapre couldn't tell, she couldn't bring herself to tell Juri she didn't want her to look her in the eyes.
"You know how hard Cammy worked to try to get it off of you?"

"It's all because of my sister, right!?" Decapre couldn't hold herself anymore. It was just like before. Like every time she wore the mask. She lost control of her emotions. Juri was quiet. Decapre was finally speaking to her, even if it was just shouting.

"It's because I look like her that you took pity on me…I won't torment you by showing you my deformed flesh ever again…" Decapre's voice slowly lowered in tone and volume. It was exactly as she feared. Saying these words caused her to turn from anger to sadness. She could feel the hot stream of tears running down her scared cheeks.

Suddenly she felt a pair of soft hands gently taking hold of her cheeks, delicate fingers removing her mask and letting it fall to the floor.

Juri was standing close to her, very close. Her single eye looking right at her disfigured face. Decapre wanted so badly to look away, to avoid the girl's gaze but the hands on her cheek were too firm to slip out of and the sensation of touch too nice to bring it to an end so soon.

Juri's fingers traced along the mosaic of scars and scabs covering the left side of the blonde's face. She traced each cut, each bump of flesh as if she was tracing along an abstract painting. She gently wiped away the tears lost in the girl's twisted face. Very few people in the world had a chance to walk away from Juri Han's deadly touch, only a handful knew how gentle and loving that touch could be.

"You really thought...Me and Cammy...? Oh please...You're just too cute...Nothing like that Ice queen." Juri was struggling to hold back laughter. To think that this whole time, this girl was worried about something like that. She had the taekwondo queen convinced she hated her.

Decapre never wanted this to end. She wanted to stay like this forever. Juri's touch. Her saying these things about her. However her pride wouldn't allow that. She'd never let someone as amazing as Juri take pity on a broken doll like her.

"...S-stop…" Her hand gently met Juri's. She wanted to push her away but she had no real will to do so. Trying to pull away from Juri was like trying to break one's own limb. It was painful and all the self control in her body was telling her not to do this. She didn't have to.

Juri held her hand and pulled it towards her face. Her hand touched the koeran girl's cheek.

"W-what are you doing!?" Decapre's face was bright red from the tears and the embarrassment of touching this girl that gave her such strange feelings. Juri was guiding her hand up her face, till the tips of the blonde's fingers were hooked under her eyepatch.

"This might be a bit bright but...don't look away, k'? It's something I need you to see." Decapre hasn't really heard Juri talk with such a serious tone of voice since she saved her and Cammy. She wasn't about to disappoint her so with Juri's hand guiding her, she lifted up the pale girl's eyepatch. The flash of purple light was nearly blinding. Even with Juri doing her best to control it. The flash felt like staring directly into a high voltage light bulb. However, Decapre refused to look away and soon enough her eyes adjusted. That's when she saw it...Juri's other eye wasn't moving. It was nothing more than a pebble. That meant- Juri was truly blind in one eye. The Feng Shui Engine wasn't some kinda high end prosthetic that made her stronger. It was a scar. Just like the ones she had.

Decapre couldn't help but trace along the unblinking fake eye. Juri's eyelashes didn't even move an inch. The ex-doll only had one thing going through her mind right now.

"You are beautiful…" The words escaped Decapre's lips before she could stop herself. Those would be her last words for the next few minutes as Juri's lips were suddenly pressed against the clone girl's own. The ex-doll didn't fight back as Juri stole Decapre's first kiss. Instead the two of them quickly found themselves back at the couch, locked in a passionate embrace. Kissing each other till both fighters ran out of breath, hands running up and down each other's bodies. Juri made sure to kiss every single scar and blemish on Decapre's pretty face.

After the two girls were well and truly out of breath they held onto each other. Juri letting Decapre rest on top of her. Both of them were smiling. Their hearts beating like a drum. Juri's hands gently brushed the snow white locks of the girl on top of her.

"Juri…"

"Hmm?"

"Thank you for saving me."

For the first time in forever, Decapre looked at peace. Eyes closed, smiling gently as was held in her lover's arms. Juri couldn't help but think she was as pretty as a doll.

"Don't mention it...saving cute girls 's my hobby.." Decapre couldn't help but chuckle. Juri was a bit like her prince. A knight in shining armour who saved her and her sister.

“Then...would it be alright if we stayed together for a while?” Juri was pretty sure this is the first time someone has ever wanted to be around her out of choice. It felt nice.

“For as long as you’ll have me..”

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ring *ring*

ring *ring*
Decapre struggled to grab her phone from the nightstand. The arm locked around her waist wasn’t helping but with some of that famous street fighter flexibility, she managed to reach her phone.

Unfortunately for her- she accidently accepted the call.

“Hello? Decapre? Are you there?” Cammy’s elegant face flashed on screen. She seemed to be on her way to a new assignment. Dressed in a stylish delta red coat that made her look like an army general.

“I’m here sis…” Decapre on the other hand was barely awake, her hair was a mess and she was covered only by her bedding. She rubbed the sleep from her eyes. Happy to see her big sis but annoyed at being woken up.

“Isn’t it past noon there? Honestly...you spend too much time around that lazy Han.” Decapre rolled her eyes. Cammy had no idea how right she was.

“...Regardless. It has been a few weeks since you last checked in. I’ve been worried. I believe I have finally found some more suitable accomodation for the both of us. If you’d be so kind as to get Juri on this...I’d like her to hear this as well.” Cammy was straight to the point as always. However calling Juri at this point would be rather difficult since she was currently wrapped around Decapre’s side dozing off. Or at least she was.

“Ummm… Y-yes about that, sister...umm I’m not sure I want to move out...I kind of started to like it here an-” Before Decapre could finish she felt a blob of black hair rise up from under her arm and soon Juri Han in all her naked morning glory, arms wrapped around her girlfriend, emerged on the view screen.

Juri rubbed the sleep from out of her eyes, she was still deep in whatever nice dream she was having.

“Is that KB calling? Tell her to buzz off. It’s like only just past noon....”

The spider suddenly realised just what had happened. She was suddenly very awake.

“...oh crap.”

“What the bloody hell are you doing to my little sister !!!”

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